



WINGS



VOL. 1—No. 4

NO. 11 S.F.T.S., YORKTON, SASKATCHEWAN

FIVE CENTS NOVEMBER, 1941

R.C.A.F. BIG HIT ON BROADWAY

**J. G. Gardiner
Presents Wings
To Fifth Class**

**NO. 11 S.F.T.S.: SCORE
SUCCESS AT ROXY**

**BRANDON AIRMEN SUPPLEMENT GALA
PROGRAM HERE.**

**Station Band
Organized And
Ready To Act**

A brightly decorated drill hall hung with British and American flags formed the setting for the presenting of Wings to the fifth class to graduate from No. 11 Service Training School. Probably the proudest father in Canada that day was the Honorable J. G. Gardiner, federal minister of agriculture, who while presenting the wings to the graduated class, pinned this coveted insignia on the breast of his own son.

Before the Wings presentation, Group Captain G. R. Howsam, commanding officer of the school, spoke briefly to the class and congratulated them on their outstanding record and predicted great achievements for Class 34.

After the presentation, Mr. Gardiner, in addressing the graduates, said that it was a signal honor to

(Continued on Page 3)

On Sunday, October 5, the combined talents of No. 11 S.F.T.S. and No. 2A Manning Depot, Brandon, produced an all-star concert in Yorkton's Roxy Theatre. A full house and an enthusiastic group of performers combined to make the concert an outstanding success and one which will be long remembered in this community.

The stage was particularly well designed with large metallic R.C.A.F. letters standing out against the back-drop. In the foreground, the R.C.A.F. music stands, pleasingly decorated with the familiar Air Force Wings and letters and colorfully lit by several suspended spot lights, were extremely effective and produced a well balanced setting. The committee is indebted to Cpl. T. A. Dunn for the unique designing of the stands.

With the playing of "O Canada" "Pride of the Prairies" and an overture entitled "In the Stockade," by the Station brass band, the program opened. Under the able leadership of Prof. A. George, the band instruments were greatly crowded continued with two selections,

(Continued on Page 4)

It was a clear, quiet midsummer evening, to be exact, the 18th of August. Suddenly the quiet was shattered by a concatenation of weird sounds coming from the vicinity of the hospital. Was it an air-raid alarm, or were the M.O.'s working on another victim?

The guard was turned out and the trouble traced to the Recreation Hall, where it was found that a Brass Band had "happened" to No. 11 S.F.T.S. The terrifying noise was merely large quantities of 'corn' escaping from the open windows.

Further inquiry led to the discovery that the quiet dignified gentleman with the "au naturel" hat, who had been seen around the Station for three weeks, was none other than Professor George of Yorkton, who, at the request of Group Captain Howsam, had agreed to place his musical talent at the disposal of the Station. Thus came the Station Brass Band.

"Prof" George at once proved to be a true airman. When he was informed by Lieutenant Warriner, the Band President, that no instruments were available, the 'Prof' turned out a job of scrounging that had some of the N.C.O. mechanics asking him for lessons.

After nights and nights of arduous practice, the Band made its bow to the public at the Wings Parade of September 11. Then followed other appearances. On September 23, music was provided for the Officers' Mess Dinner, and on September 29, the Band played at the Carnival in the Skating Rink, Yorkton. On October 4, at another Wings Parade, and on October 5, at the concert in the Roxy Theatre, Yorkton, the Band was again in evidence.

Gradual but distinct improvement has taken place in the Band's playing. Although their repertoire is naturally on the short side, none of the executive nor the bandmen themselves hesitate to say that now, any place, any time, the Band will be a credit to the Station.

Finances may be low, but spirits are high.

May we take this opportunity to ask our readers if they know where a few clarinets can be loaned or purchased cheaply. Clarinet players and clarinets at the present time are "non est". If any of the airmen can play a clarinet or would like to learn, go and see Professor George at the Recreation Hall.

Station Orchestra on the Stage at the Roxy Theatre



(Reading left to right): Front Row—D. Anderson, at the piano; Jim McGunigal; Don Nash, "Birdie" Byrd, and Archie Etienne. Second Row—Harold Florence, Reggie Smith, and Harold MacKillican. Back Row—Bob Carpenter and Johnny Reich.

WINGS

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Poppy Day

THROUGHOUT Canada, there are still large numbers of disabled soldiers, airmen and sailors from the last war—men who, from the nature of their disabilities, are unable to do any work of a strenuous nature, many of them, indeed, still in military hospitals, others scattered throughout the nine provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and, in order to help them keep their self-respect, earn a little money to implement their pensions, and at the same time keep their minds occupied, the Department of Pensions and National Health has these men employed in the manufacture of poppies, poppy wreaths and sprays, etc., among other forms of employment.

Ever since the last war, the Canadian Legion has undertaken the distribution of these poppies (having a contract with the Department of National Health) and the money derived from the sale of these, is used for the needy returned soldier, fellows who have had sickness in the family, unable to work, destitute, and are up against it, just to mention a few of the many needs that arise during a year.

Now, since the start of the present war, there are many men who have returned from overseas, unfit for further military service, still possibly suffering disabilities, and unable to work. Therefore the Legion has taken numbers of these fellows under their wing to help tide them over the rough going, until such time as they are able to get employment. The money for this comes from the sale of poppies on Poppy Day.

If and when you are in any town on Poppy Day, please remember that you are not only helping a veteran of the last war, but in a number of cases, members of the present forces who have been disabled. **BUY A POPPY.**

"Music is One of Life's Necessities"

"MUSIC is one of life's necessities." Realization of this fact has prompted Group Captain Howsam to spare no effort in prompting the formation of musical organizations on this Station.

This issue of "Wings," being devoted to some extent to the musical activities carried on at No. 11, has within its pages pictures of the dance orchestra the drum and trumpet band, and the brass band.

Each of these bands has its own particular function and is used exclusively in its own field. The drum and trumpet band's work is to lead parades, and there is no doubt that the rhythm of the drums and the clear notes of the trumpets have smartened our marching since the inception of the band.

The dance orchestra owes much to its promoter, Lieut. J. Warriner, whose experience and patience have contributed much to its success. The lilting strains and hot swing of this group have already brought pleasure to many, and with the near approach of long winter evenings, the dance band is going to be one of the most valuable organizations on the Station. We understand that plans are under consideration to allow for more frequent appearances of the orchestra.

The brass band is the largest as well as the newest musical addition. Its work is more versatile, being used for marching, concert work and for general entertainment.

In addition to the bands, the Station boasts a male quartette, composed at present of W. Hey, S. Redding, L. Erickson and M. Gilbert. Sergeant Marshall, recently posted to Regina, organized the quartette and shepherded it through its initial appearances.

We should like to point out that the men who comprise these organizations serve in a voluntary capacity and great credit is due them for giving so freely of their time and ability to help provide entertainment, not only for the Station, but also for the city and the surrounding community. Credit is also due to Professor George, who is the efficient director of music, band leader, repairer of instruments and general factotum for things musical on the Station.

East and West

AN INTERMINABLE debate has been going on in barrack block and mess on this Station. Men from every province in the dominion have been endlessly discussing which part of Canada is of the most value to the country. As might be expected, the argument has produced more heat than light, and about the only point to be definitely established, is that each man believes his native province to be the essence without which Canada could hardly exist.

We should like to point out to these provincial partisans the significance of the fact that their debate is a stalemate, which is, that it is as futile to argue which section of Canada is of most value to the Dominion, as to argue which of the five senses is of most value to the human body.

Each of the debaters is correct up to a point, whether he hails from East or West, from mountain, prairie or maritime area, because the entity that is the Dominion of Canada depends on the contributions, social and commercial, made by each section from coast to coast. But because the contributions are so varied, comparisons are impossible.

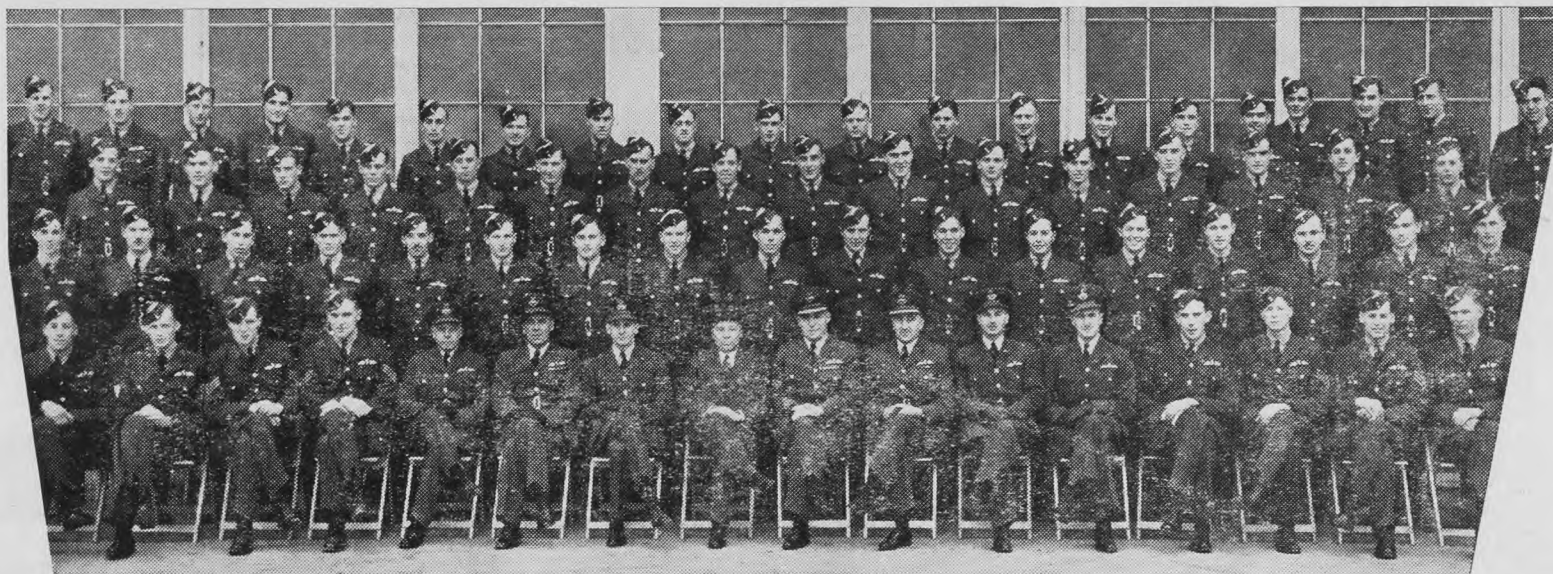
Canada is more than a collection of provinces. We must abandon our narrow-minded, jealous provincialism for a healthy, large-spirited nationalism. We must cease this idle talk about whether the East is milking the West, or whether the West should be independent of the East, and give our serious thought to the solution of problems that are common to both East and West.

We must appreciate the fact that our country requires for its development various types of people. We need those who love to go down to the sea in ships, as well as those whose desire it is to live on the broad prairies. We need those who are ever pioneering in new areas and activities, as well as those whose satisfaction comes from carrying on in routine jobs. We need those whose gregarious natures lure them to the urban areas, as well as those who crave the greater freedom of the rural areas. But from all these types we demand the understanding that theirs is not a **unique contribution**, but only part of the job of helping to build a nation.

We fear that there are not many people in Canada who have caught the vision of Canada. We received national status by the Statute of Westminster in 1932, but the national spirit cannot be engendered in a group of people by simply putting a label on them. They must catch a vision of national greatness and by that vision become inspired to work for its realization.

It is in this connection that the men in the R.C.A.F. have an opportunity to render a service to their country in addition to that of their military activity. Most of us since being in the air force have been moved around. We have been permitted to see various sections of Canada and have learned the advantages and disadvantages of each. On our travels we can, if we will, be interpreters of Canada to our fellow Canadians. But to do this we shall have to cease living in the dream world of childhood memories (which is what most of our provincialism amounts to) and become alert, unbiased students of Canadian nationalism. Instead of debating "East or West," let us discuss "East and West."

Some Members of Graduating Class No. 34



J. G. GARDINER PRESENTS WINGS TO FIFTH CLASS

(Continued from Page 1)

have this opportunity of presenting Wings and one that he appreciated very much. Mr. Gardiner reminded the class of the immortal words of Prime Minister Winston Churchill of England. "Never before have so many owed so much to so few," and to you goes the very envied distinction of belonging to that group. In the dark days of September, 1939, this small group was forced strictly on the defensive, but you will be able to carry this war to the enemy and give him back a taste of his own medicine. Today our air force is almost as strong as that of the hated "Reich" and is stronger in spirit and desire. Within a few weeks it will be stronger numerically and better equipped.

In concluding, Mr. Gardiner directed his words of gratitude to the American boys included in the class. The "Good Neighbor" is giving immeasurable help to the Allies in supplies and equipment and to these Americans he offered a very special welcome on behalf of the Dominion and of the Empire itself.

The Wings of Merit trophy, which goes to the outstanding student in the class, which was won jointly by LAC G. E. White of Victoria, B.C., and LAC N. G. Russell of Burnaby, New Westminster, B.C., was presented by Group Captain Bonham-Carter, senior air staff officer of No. 2 Training Command. Group Captain Bonham-Carter told the class that they had a great deal to learn in England and expressed the hope that they would enjoy being there and would have the best of luck.

Among those to graduate were:
*LAC Bernhardt, D. A., Preston, Ont.

LAC Bryden, H. G., Saskatoon, Sask.

LAC Carter, P., New Westminster, B.C.

LAC Chaster, J. B., Duncan, B.C.
*LAC Davidson, J. C., Plaster Rock, New Brunswick.

LAC Davidson, W. A., Port Kells, B.C.

LAC Di Persio, Q., Sydney Mines, N.S.

*LAC Edgar, J. H., Vancouver, B.C.

LAC Frederick, M. O. P., Bethune, Sask.

LAC Fuller, E. P. P., Grand Pro, Kings County, N.S.

*LAC Gardiner, J. E., Ottawa, Ont.

*LAC Gardiner, W. G., Crescent Beach, B.C.

*LAC Green, J. L., Toronto, Ont.

LAC Hamilton, F. F., Mazonod, Sask.

LAC Heaven, E. A., Grand Forks, B.C.

*LAC Hays, W. W., Winnipeg, Man.

LAC Hogarth, G. A., Winnipeg, Man.

LAC Hull, N. B. B., Victoria, B.C.

LAC Hunt, M. E., North Powder, Oregon.

LAC Jackson, W. H., Asquith, Sask.

LAC Jeffrey, C. D., Vancouver, B.C.

LAC Johnston, K. M., Vancouver, B.C.

LAC Johnston, T. C., Windsor, Ont.

LAC Kertson, R. A., Grand Falls, N.B.

LAC Lambros, A., Belleville, Ont.

LAC Lane, W. T., Sudbury, Ont.

*LAC Large, W., Kirkland Lake, Ont.

LAC Lemire, R. E., Melville, Sask.

*LAC Lynch, F. E., Toronto, Ont.

LAC Makay, A. G., Winnipeg, Man.

LAC Markham, G. E., Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.

LAC Markle, G. N., Vancouver, B.C.

LAC Martin, W. E., Regina, Sask.

LAC McLoy, T. L., Prince Albert, Sask.

*LAC McKessock, R. G., Vancouver, B.C.

*LAC McLeod, A. N., Saskatoon, Sask.

LAC McLeod, J. C., St. John, N.B.

LAC McPherson, J. C., Wawota, Sask.

LAC Milne, R. H., British Columbia.

LAC Monchier, N., Dartmouth, N.S.

LAC Morin, R. W., Prince Rupert, B.C.

*LAC Nicolson, R. E. A., Winnipeg, Man.

LAC Peters, W. A., Laird, Sask.

LAC Pickard, G. J., Vancouver, B.C.

*LAC Pope, W. A., Picton, Ont.

*LAC Prendergast, J. B., Victoria,

LAC Regan, F. A. J., Vancouver, B.C.

LAC Reid, H. G., Edmonton, Alta.

LAC Robinson, G. A., Ruskin, B.C.

*LAC Russell, N. G., Burnaby, New Westminster, B.C.

LAC Rvall, J. P., Denman Island, B.C.

*LAC Saville, J. W., Vancouver, B.C.

LAC Simonson, V. L., Swift Current, Sask.

LAC Spencer, C. A., Winnipeg, Man.

LAC Stauble, W. B. R., Alsask, Sask.

LAC Steenson, S. W., Penticton, B.C.

*LAC Stewart, C. S. B., Port Coquitlam, B.C.

LAC Swanson, D. M., Winnipeg, Man.

*LAC Turnbull, W. H., Winnipeg, Man.

LAC Walker, R. P. M., Fairview, Alberta.

LAC Watson, J. W., Seattle, Wash. U.S.A.

*LAC White, G. E., Victoria, B.C.

LAC Woodhead, R. M., Wapilla, Sask.

St. Peter to 1st Airman—"Where are you from?"

Airman—"Ontario."

St. Peter—"Down below for you."

To 2nd Airman—"Where are you from?"

Airman—"British Columbia."

St. Peter—"Below for you, too."

To 3rd Airman—"Where are you from?"

Airman—"Saskatchewan."

St. Peter—"Not from No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton?"

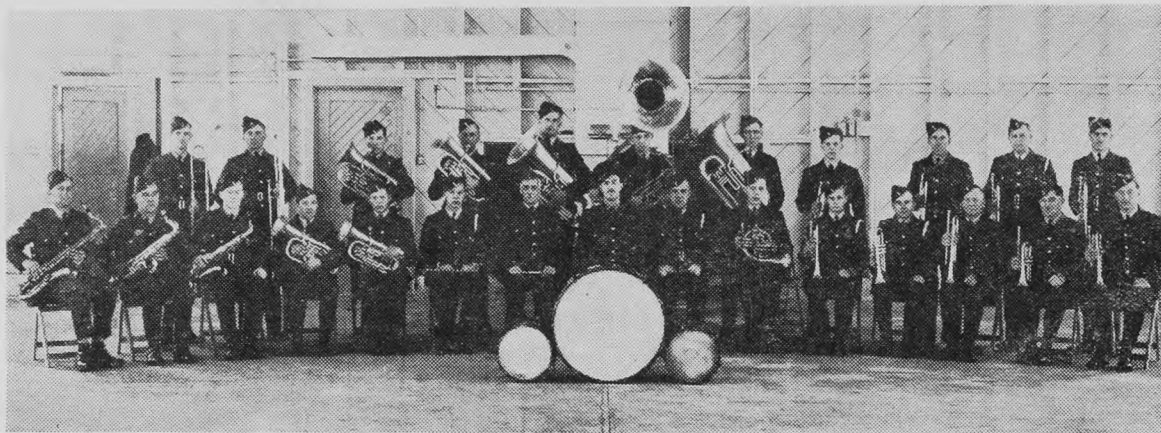
Airman—"Yes."

St. Peter—"Enter! You've had enough hell."



Group Captain G. H. Howsam greets Hon. J. G. Gardiner.

Brass Band



(Reading from left to right). Front Row—LAC Melsness, C. N.; LAC Smith, R. C. A.; LAC Semple, R.; LAC Tindell, F.; LAC Montgomery, L.; AC1 Morin, E. R.; Bandmaster George, T. A.; Lieut. Warriner, J. (chairman of band committee); LAC Eldridge, A.; LAC Erickson, L. S.; AC1 French, J. W.; Cpl. Gall, G.; Trumpeter Bruner, S. F.; Sgt. Barry, L.; Cpl. Roberts, W. A. Second Row—AC Snowball, C.; AC1 Norris, G.; Sgt. Borbely, A. G.; AC Probert, A. H.; AC Kerr, S.; LAC Bushey, E.; Cpl. Guppy, A.; AC1 McKillican, H. D.; AC Greensword, L.; Cpl. Florence, H. P.; LAC Smith, R. S.

R.C.A.F. BIG HIT ON BROADWAY

(Continued from Page 1)

preventing the band from being heard at its best. Despite this factor, however, the band performed well and it is to be regretted that time and space prohibited their re-appearing later on program.

Following the band's selections, our congenial friend, Jack Tyson, of the Canadian Legion, appeared from behind the curtain in a monologue entitled "The 11.69 Express." The skit drew many laughs from the audience and "broke the ice" for the ensuing performers. Continuing the program, the Station dance orchestra consisting of Don Anderson, piano; Jim McGunigal, guitar; Bob Carpenter, traps; Johnny Reich, bass; Harold Florence, Reggie Smith and Harold MacKillican, trumpets; Don Nash, Archie Etienne and "Birdie" Byrd, saxophones, was heard next in a special arrangement of "Daddy." The orchestra performed well and it is regrettable that more soloists were not accompanied by it. During the course of the evening, the boys played three other selections, all of which were well executed. Reggie Smith was featured soloist, choosing the trumpet solo, "Irene" and the ever-popular "Stardust" as his selections.

Cpl. Jim McGunigal was next presented in two vocal melodies, Noel Coward's "I'll See You Again" and the current popular tune, "You and I." Cpl. McGunigal, substituting for a Brandon artist who was unable to attend due to a severe attack of the grippe, was given a great ovation by the crowd. A swing trio from Brandon consisting of Larry Killeen, guitar; Jim Gillis, piano, and B. C. Scott, trumpet, followed, playing three selections, two of which were encores. The pianist, Jimmy Gillis, proved particularly popular and was greeted with such applause that he re-appeared to present two other solos, vocal renditions being offered by himself. Larry Killeen carried on with an electric guitar solo which was received equally well.

Sgt. Marshall and the Station quartette consisting of Stan Redding, tenor; Bill Hey, bass and L. Erickson, baritone, blended their voices in two selections. The quar-

tette proved that their hours of constant rehearsal were not in vain and a well balanced combination of melody and harmony resulted. Sgt. Marshall, accompanied at the piano by Bill Hey, was also featured in a vocal solo.

A quartette from Brandon, featuring Negro spirituals, next appeared and treated the audience to a demonstration of close harmony and well balanced voices. This was followed by one of the highlights of the evening, namely, the performance of Bill Hominik, violinist who played two numbers, ably accompanied at the piano by Miss L. Spencer. Mr. Hominik displayed exceptionally fine tone and technique as well as an acute precision so rarely found among concert violinists. To conclude the program George Kent, sensational Vancouver tenor, gave vocal interpretations of two beautiful ballads. The high tonal quality and delightful fullness of his voice left a deep impression on all present and was thoroughly enjoyed if the overwhelming applause be a measure of appreciation.

The proceeds of the concert went into the coffers of the Band and Orchestra Fund, and will be spent for additional instruments and sheet music.

The thanks of the Station are due to Wing Commander Scott of No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, for his kind permission in allowing the concert party to appear on the program.

Lieutenant Jack Warriner deserves credit for his work in arranging the program, and also for the able manner in which he M.C.'d the proceedings. Bouquets also go to Flight-Lieutenant R. E. Rhodes who acted as stage manager; to Squadron-Leader S. Angus and "Scotty" Richardson who hustled the sale of programs; and of course to the boys in the orchestra and band, whose efforts helped to make the concert a great success.

"Senator, you promised me a job."

"But there are no jobs open."

"Well, you said you'd give me one."

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll appoint a commission to investigate why there are no jobs, and you can work on that."

WHY EXECUTIVES GET GRAY!

A.O. (to newly-hired typist): "Now I hope you thoroughly understand the importance of punctuation?"

Stenographer: "Oh, yes, indeed. I always get to work on time."



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... FROM THE

PADRE'S
OFFICE

The Sword of the Spirit

Something is sweeping over England!

Of course, we know that England is being swept by the sword of steel, but what we have to tell is about something else again. We want to tell about it because on Sunday last this movement launched itself in Canada, attacking the Navy, the Army and the Air Force.

The gist of the thing, we believe, is this: Men from time to time have to go to war. They have to defend their homes, their country. Sometimes they fight for other countries. Occasionally in history it has happened that they have to fight for the world.

In the present war the men of our side are fighting for the world. They are defending justice and liberty, not only for our own land, but for so many countries that have come under the heel of the aggressor. They are fighting to prevent the Nazi scourge from sweeping over the world.

This passion that urges men to take up the sword for justice and Freedom is deep in man's nature, put there by the Author of Nature. Thus when man responds to this divine urge he is fighting not only for his home, his country, but he is fighting for God. The sword of the king becomes the sword of Christ the King.

The Sword of the Spirit movement is an awakening on the part of many people to the affinity between the cause for which we are fighting today and the eternal struggle for Righteousness which Christ the King is carrying on, and makes its appeal to men who believe in this affinity to demonstrate their faith by wearing a small Cross, emblematic of the Cross of Calvary which was and is the weapon of Christ.

The movement was originated in England by a Catholic, Cardinal

"F" FLIGHT NEWS

October 2nd was a big day for "F" Flight when the students of Course 34 held a banquet in honor of their graduation in the Yorkton Hotel. Approximately sixty students, ground crew, officers and instructors attended.

Now that the shooting season is here, quite a few of the boys get out their shotguns and try their luck, but "F" Flight as usual goes one better. Recently one of our students bagged the limit of geese while practicing aerobatics.

After the graduating class departed and things were quiet around the Flight, the ground crew boys became interior decorators and the Flight offices are now very attractive with their blue and ivory colors.

First thought of a member of our Flight who was recently left with a small fortune: "I never knew I had so many friends before."

We extend a welcome to the new class of students to our Flight and hope that they enjoy their stay with us, and that they will keep up the good record of "F" Flight.

Saskatoon must have great attractions when AC2 Atherfold leaves such a lovely blonde behind in Yorkton when he gets a 48.

The new students always look forward to P.T. given by F.L. Hull? They admit they were physical wrecks before coming to the station, but would like to live a little longer to do some fighting.

Hinsley, but all Britain is taking it on. Many men in the armed forces have taken it on and now the movement is reaching Canada.

On this station the Catholic Padre is the representative of this movement and if you get in his path be prepared to take the consequences. He has a supply of small crosses, which are worn around the neck on a chain, and he is not going to be content until he has enchained every man in the camp. May it live! The Sword of the Spirit!

May it live long! And may it grow strong!

"C" FLIGHT NEWS

"C" Flight, the happy home of a good bunch of instructors, ground crew and twenty-nine members of Course 36, is a joyful place where somebody is always in trouble, but all seem happy and wouldn't trade their Flight for any other in the port. Here "Golfer" Gibson fusses from morning till night, but gets results, and that is what counts.

The instructors, under "Pretty Boy" Neilly are a good bunch of men at work or play as their students and the young ladies will tell you any time. Also I understand all "C" Flight officers play a good game of cards, but I am afraid inculations are one thing that really gets them down. The ground crew, under smiling Cpl. Lafontaine, are a weird crew. First there are those "vets", Murcheson, Quigley, Redhead, McKee and Garbatt, who carry the brunt of the load, then there are those willing newcomers Hunter, Shugg, Beaushene, Anderson, Masson and Reeves, who are quickly becoming A1 members of the best ground crew on the port.

Lastly the aircrew, course 36, the senior class at No. 11 and a better course never trained on this station. At this writing I understand this class set a new high record at ground school on their final exams and those "C" Flight pilots are all willing pilots, always doing their best and that is the spirit that will win the war. Soon these lads will get their wings and go overseas and so I wish to say on behalf of all "C" Flight, that we wish them all the best of luck and are glad that we were able to help them on their way and to thank them for all the cooperation they gave us at all times. Goodbye and good luck.

FLIGHT CHATTER—

What "C" Flight instructor spent only two nights in camp in the last three months and why?

What plough jockey from Sanford figured the radius of action for a John Deere?

Where do the mad Frenchmen go on their cross-countries?

What "C" Flight orderly room man took French leave?

What officer tried to do a slow roll in his Buick?

What wrestler in the Flight has turned to instructing fellow mechanics?

What Nova Scotian fisherman spends four nights a week downtown seeing his supposed cousin?

What instructor and student found themselves looking down a gopher hole one night?

Will a certain Corporal ever realize that a couple of Frenchmen roll 7 every time?

What mad Pembroke lumberjack parachuted from his bunk at 2.30 a.m. and never knew about it till he hit the floor?

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Bugle Band



Front—Carpenter. Front Row (left to right)—Kernaghan, Hester, French, Morin. Second Row—Florence, Gall, Bailey, Singerman. Third Row—Norris, Irish, Kennedy. Fourth Row—Regher, Eldridge, Swick.

Topics from the Tower

(By Observer)

Greetings once again from the tower! Your observer is rather at a loss for words this month and, in the manner of the proverbial baseball pitcher, starts this column with virtually nothing on the ball but a prayer. The fact is we spent the better part of two weeks back in the home town and promptly forgot everything connected with No. 11 S.F.T.S. for that period. If it hadn't been for a gentle reminder from the editor we would probably have forgotten about this column too, and it is only by dint of some last-minute research that we are able to offer the following items of interest:

The control tower staff joins with No. 1 Squadron in wishing S.L. G. H. Sellers the best of luck at his new post in Dauphin; and in welcoming Flight-Lieutenant E. S. Holmes as new O.C. Squadron-Leader Sellers was for many months the popular O.C. of the Squadron, but Flight-Lieutenant Holmes is already proving to be a popular leader and No. 1 Squadron will undoubtedly carry on its good work under his guidance throughout the winter.

"M.C.G." the Yankee Clipper, seems to have had his wings clipped neatly in the recent "Battle of the Blonde" centred around Logans' drug store. While still maintaining a bold front the "Manhattan Monologist," according to observers, has been badly outmanoeuvred by one of our weather experts. How about a remuster to pharmacist, Al?

Sgts. Mitchell, Crawford & Co. of the navigation section must have a way with the fair sex as well as with compasses—or is it strictly business that takes them into the tower orderly room so often? Possibly Billy and Eileen can enlighten us.

According to "Met." Billy Boyce the new lot of Security Guardsmen are nothing if not efficient. Billy was fit to be tied after being "halted" eight times during the course of a recent "graveyard" shift. "Must be a war on," says he.

Control Officer Hodgins should arrange a special Sunday afternoon feature for the benefit of the high-way sight-seers. To judge by the number of cars parked along the east fence every fine Sunday it might be profitable to open a canteen out there, too. The new North-South runway really gives the spectators a fine view of proceedings—how about using it every Sunday—a crosswind would simply add to the excitement and enjoyment (of the spectators, at least).

The orderly room seems a different place now that popular Sgt. Roynan has headed for Trenton. The move is only temporary, however, and all wish him luck in his course and trust he'll be back with us again before long.

Well folks, that's about all for this issue. Before we sign off though, here's a bit of advice from the "Met." section. With cold winter mornings ahead you'll probably

want to know just what its like out before poking your nose outside the door—so just tune in to CJGX at about 7.10 each morning and you'll get all the information on wind, temperature and probs as reported directly from the control tower. Until next month, then—good-bye now.

CLASS 34's VALEDICTORY

This is "good-bye" to No. 11 S.F.T.S. from Course 34. We have received a thorough and intensive flying and ground course and feel that with this, plus future operational training, we will be able to uphold the high standard set by Allied fighter and bomber pilots.

We are exceedingly grateful to our instructors, both flying and ground, to the ground crew, and to the remainder of the staff at No. -- for their efforts on our behalf and towards the fulfillment of the purpose of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

It is hard for us to believe that we actually are finished on this side of the pond, and it will be with a real feeling of pride and accomplishment that we shall accept our wings. We will use them to help clear the skies of "Goering's Luftwaffe" and in so doing bring to an end all that Nazism stands for.

Our real job begins now, so without further ado, "so long and keep em flying."

COURSE 34,
Per LAC Gardiner, J. E.

THIS APPLIES TO AIRMEN!

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"And also shorter at the end of the month."

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On Mount Olympus

The local tailor has been working overtime since last issue installing new braid. Congratulations, men.

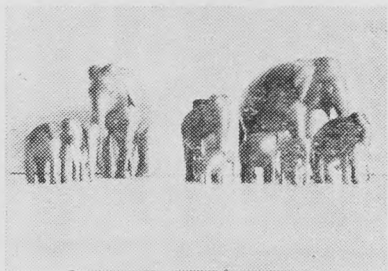
The Saskatoon Chapter of International Kibitzers was honored with an address by Grand Master Robinson, who was passing through on a nine-day leave.

Hats off to an old fashioned boy! "Perv" claims that there's no fun to match a hay-ride of quilting party!

The Canadian Board of Trade will be called on shortly to investigate a local monopoly. Chief defender will be O. O. Hindle.

It is beginning to be suspected that inoculations are just a means to an obscure end—or why has one of our glamour boys been literally "mickied" on the last two occasions?

WHAT? NO SNAKES:



The above picture explains why "Pat" wouldn't sleep in his own room in Regina last week. How he got the picture is a mystery but it certainly jibes with his story.

A local delegation was in Regina last week seeking recruits... W.A.A.F.?

The M.O. is worried by an epidemic of "hair lip" that has broken out amongst the junior officers. The disease is peculiarly insidious in that its existence cannot be detected in most cases until about a week after infection. F. R. Hardy had a very mild attack and should be fully recovered by the time this is in print.

A protest by the Lee Foo agency was laughed off—We know that nobody on this station is washing his own laundry.

Congratulations to Squadron Leader Sellers on his recent promotion. We know that he will lend "colour" to his new station.

All conversation came to a halt in the mess the other day when the Sergeant informed our esteemed padre, Flight-Lieutenant McGuire, that he was wanted on the phone—by his wife!

The C.O. was overheard to remark recently that the enthusiasm of the hunters in the R.C.A.F. would, by next year, be the cause of a serious shortage of either wild fowl or ammunition. We are of the opinion that the shortage will be of ammunition if those "vest pocket nimrods," Rowley and Hindle, are allowed to run amok much longer.

GESTAPO REPORTS

A certain "I.M." by name continues to play the wide open field as each new class of aircrew arrives and with the arrival of course 40 should be set till after Christmas

Corporal Anderson and sweet young "Billie" from the Tower have progressed well beyond the very good friendship stage. If the Padre staged a blitz now it probably would get results to the tune of "Here Comes The Bride."

We don't know whether the classes of aircrew yet to arrive at this station should be thankful or not but "four foot nothing" has just sworn off men. But according to the reports handed in by our trusted undercover agents her story won't hold water.

They say that the nice girls in Yorkton won't go out with the air-men and after watching the boys do a "beat" up and down Broadway we wouldn't doubt it in the least.

After seeing "four foot nothing" of station headquarters walking down Broadway with Sergeant Bailey we were strongly reminded of a mosquito boat along side of Britain's latest capital ships.

We wonder why Miss "I.M." never goes out with her "genawal" anymore.

When the "Mighty" MacTavish fell off the water wagon the thud could be heard clear to the Pacific Coast.

The following query was put to "Corporal to be" Allen of the equipment section: Question: "What is the difference between a squad and a flight?" Answer: "Ten and one half feet."

It was reported in the Regina Leader-Post that a certain Elaine Sharpe of Yorkton was married in Saskatoon while on her holidays. Wonder if the lucky fellow was a member of His Majesty's armed forces or another guy waiting to be "caught in the draft."

After knowing Milton Gokey (Equipment Section) for eight months, we wonder what caused the recent break in his record of being "true" to his redhead in Montreal? Maybe two can play the game and the Montreal angle probably is.

Every time AC1 Kennedy of 'C.R.' is informed of a long distance telephone call awaiting him he goes to the phone with a look on his face that you would see on the face of a man going to the "electric chair."

Miss "M.F." of "C.R." should know plenty about keeping track of aircraft going up and coming down or should know, providing the time-keeper of "F" Flight, a certain Don Kennedy is a good teacher.

He: "I've changed my mind."

She: "Does it work any better?"

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YORKTON, Sask.

"A" FLIGHT NEWS

As we read this issue of "Wings" "A" Flight has its third class of students on the home stretch toward their wings. With F.L. Southwood keeping the boys right on the beam, it's little wonder Hitler looks more worried every time we see his ugly map in the paper.

We have had the misfortune of losing two of our able instructors, in P.O. Gibson and P.O. Leichnetz, but we know that our misfortune is some other station's gain, and we wish these two instructors all the luck in their new home.

We also take this opportunity to welcome two new instructors to our Flight, namely, P.O. Warner, and S. P. Mitchell. May your stay with us be a pleasant one, and if you find us a little wacky, don't mind us. We have tried hard to keep ourselves that way. It saves on the Scotch, and there are no after-effects.

Even calling Cpl. Macdonald sir, can't get Slim Askey out of diluting his own machine, after his last flight at night.

Our one ambition is to get a glance at some of the fan mail Cripps gets from good ole hogtown.

R. C. A. Smith has a new idea for duck hunting. Take along a good supply of swamp-juice, and when a duck goes by, you see so many, you just can't miss.

LAC Turgeon thinks this still could be a great old world, if it weren't for the rumble sheet.

We wonder which would take the most digging! A hole for the trade "bored," or one to bury the sorrow of a lot that sat for the "bored."

A few of us have come out of the gloom long enough to study the situation, and work on a scheme to beat this "bored". We quote our findings in case anyone is brave enough to give it a try.

First find out where the officials hail from, and no matter what rural district it is, you have been there, and it is a swell place. Tell 'em you bought a dog there, and it's the best dog you ever owned.

But if the conversation does wander toward aircraft, don't make a mistake and let them know that you too have a little knowledge of aircraft. After all, they have a little pride, and it might be embarrassing if you ever had to work under them.

Be sure and let on you arrived with one of the later entries from St. Thomas. The later entries are like blondes: they are in demand, we find. Pardon us—blondes are in demand any time, aren't they? But we must get back to the "bored".

If you can afford the "good stuff" we think it might help. After all, anyone should be that sociable. If he's not, just look us up. We can't give you your groupings, but we sure can be sociable—that way.

And it might help to get on charge, and do a bit of pack-drill. Being A.W.O.L. with a blonde for awhile might help. And when you are doing the pack drill, you could give us her address.

But if you have been fortunate enough to be kept in Flights, pulling chocks since your arrival here, don't bother trying the "bored." You

should have been in the canteen they'll tell you. Why wasn't I? you ask. That's the one we couldn't figure out. Try Keiran.

If you try these rules next time, and don't make it, don't blame us. After all, the "bored" can change their tactics, and the things we have mentioned may be out—a little. In any case, keep grinning. It will soon be your turn for duty watch again.

Another Hit!

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6-41



Ye Parables of A Sage Pilot

ED. NOTE: We lifted this from one of the Winnipeg papers, we've forgotten which.

Hear ye pilots and hearken unto the words of wisdom writ in stern letters and bold by the grey-beard instructor of a Royal Air Force training school in Canada, for wisdom is in him and he knoweth whereof he speaks:

Ye Parables of a Pilot

1. My sons, hear the advice of my great grandfather and forsake not the laws of those who fly safely.

2. For the days of my life are legion, and I have instructed much youth of the land in the ways of the aeroplane in the air.

3. Verily, men do foolish things, thoughtlessly, knowing not why; but an aeroplane doeth nought without reason.

4. Let not thy familiarity with the aeroplane breed contempt, lest thou become exceedingly careless at a time when great care is necessary to thy well-being.

5. A wise pilot scenteth trouble afar off and avoideth a forced landing in waste spaces.

6. My sons, obey the law and observe prudence. Spin thou not lower than 1500 cubics nor stunt above thine own domicile; for the hand of the Lord is heavy and reacheth far and wide throughout the land.

7. Incur not the wrath of those in authority by breaking their rules; for he who maketh the wrong circuit shall be cast into outer darkness, and he who flyeth low over football games shall be forever damned.

8. As the telephone operator who giveth the wrong number, so is he who extollet his exploits in the air.

9. For I have watched him do his stuff on the ground, lo, for half an hour I have heard him talk of himself, till he thinketh he is the best pilot ever.

10. He is like unto a woman who knoweth not how to say goodbye on the telephone and the truth is not in him.

11. Though he be as honest as the day in all else, yet he will lie about his aerial adventures. His chest protrudeth and he maketh other men weary.

12. He doth enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures, but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.

13. Let not thy prowess in air persuade thee that others cannot

do even as thyself, for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.

14. More praiseworthy is he who can touch tailwheel and wheels on the ground together when landing than he who taxieth into another machine while watching the damsel who hath observed his prowess in the air.

15. Beware of the man who taketh off without looking behind him for there is no health in him. Verily, I say unto you, his days are numbered.

16. My son, another student pilot shall come to thee saying: "Harken not to the words of thy grandfather, for he doleth; list to me whilst I tell thee how thou should do so and so."

17. But a little knowledge is oft-times a great danger and thou knowest full well that my teachings are founded on great experience.

18. Clever men take the reproofs of their instructors in the same wise, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humour.

19. Yet they try again, profiting by his wise counsel and taking offence at nought that he said. For whoso harkeneth unto his precepts shall fly safely and shall be quite free from fear of trouble.

20. A reproof entereth more into a pilot of sense than one hundred compliments unto a fool.

21. Knoweth thou the pilot who criticiseth NOT another's flying? I say unto you that there is not one who cannot point out another's faults and advise him what he should do.

22. Better is a dancing partner with two left feet than he who laggeth behind in a formation and keepeth not his appointed place; for the leader breedeth wild thoughts.

23. As a wet dog snaketh himself beside you, so also is a pilot who usurpeth thy rightful place when landing in formation.

24. Though thy leader taketh thee over the city at low altitudes, having no regard for thy personal safety, yet wilt thou follow him closely but on the ground wilt thou revile him after.

25. As a plate of soup that is cold, yea, even as a kiss from one's sister, so also is a flight without objective, it lacketh kick.

26. As a postage stamp which

Letters to The Editor

Dear Editor, — Since the first publication of our station paper, "Wings," I've been trying to figure out why the paper doesn't carry some interesting articles which would be of interest and benefit to both the pilots and the mechanics on the Station?

Such an idea was tried at the Mechanical Training School at St. Thomas, and it really went over in a big way. The fellows not only glanced at the articles, but they cut them out and stuck them in their notes for future use, which really came in handy.

Don't think that I am trying to run our paper down, on the contrary I think it is a swell job on the part of those responsible.

So how about some articles in each publication on such things as: constant speed units, airscrews, fuel pumps, starters, carburetors, instruments, hydraulics, etc.

I feel sure that the fellows in all the trades will submit an article if called on. Regards,

71191

ED. NOTE: Arrangements have been made for a series of such articles as 71191 requests. The next issue of Wings will contain the first, an article by Flt.-Lieut. Holmes.

Girl—Oh darling, you are the light of my life.

Old Man—Daughter, if you dont come upstairs this minute I'm coming down to put that light out.

lacketh its glue, so are the words of caution to a fool.

27. Beware that thou leave not the switches "ON" when leaving the cockpit lest the mark of Cain be upon you.

28. My son, hearken unto the laws of prudence and forsake not my teaching, for the reckless and disobedient shall not inhabit the earth for long.

29. Hear instruction and refuse it not; thus wilt thou fly safely, length of days and peace shall be added to thee.

We have a sports committee, in case some of you haven't heard and they are ready and willing to listen to, and, if possible, do something about any suggestions you have. The drill hall is being altered to accommodate a basketball court. It's almost finished now and there are volleyball nets over there. "Scotty" Richardson of the Legion has all the sports equipment ready and waiting for anyone who wants to use it. Hockey equipment has been ordered. Surely, with all this, leagues can be organized and we can have some good inter-flight or inter-squadron competition.

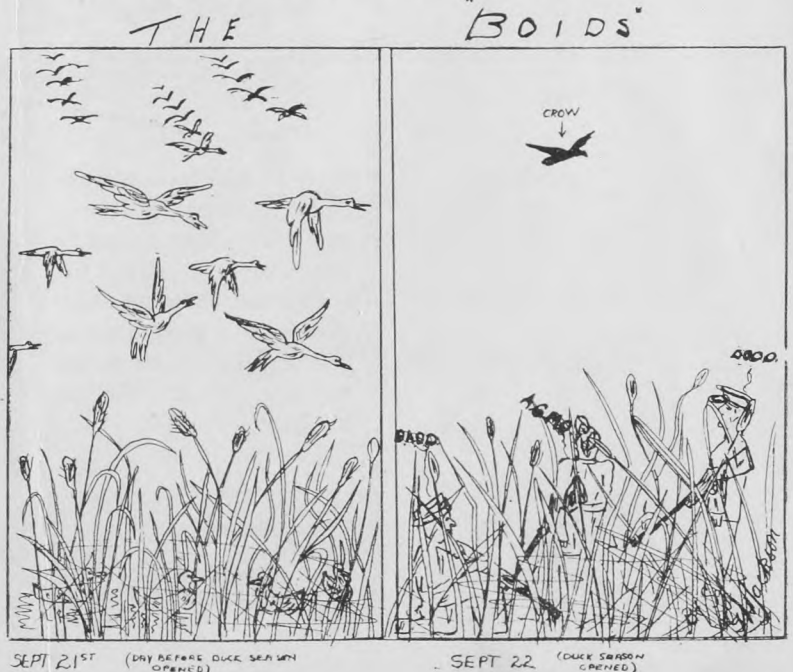
There are also plans for a boxing ring. In fact some of the equipment is already here, for anyone interested in the manly art of self-defence. Anyone who has done any coaching in wrestling or is interested in forming a wrestling club, get in touch with a member of your sports committee and we'll start a real grunt and groan section.

Remember this, a guy who is keen on sports usually makes a darn good job of anything he tackles in his work. It helps cultivate quick thinking, a sense of fairness, the desire to see a thing through to the finish. It rids the mind and body of that sluggishness which drags a man down and more than anything else, it helps establish "esprit de corps." Let's get together, pull together and make this Station sports conscious. Let's put old No. 11 on the sports world map! We can do it, if each and every guy will pull his own weight and not let the other fellow do all the dirty work.

COMMITTEE MEETING HIGHLIGHTS

On Thursday, Oct. 23, the sports committee held their first meeting since our sports day and a number of nominations were made to take charge of the various sports such as hockey, basketball, badminton, volleyball, etc. Although we would like to publish the names of those nominated, it's not fair to the lads until they can be approached and see if their duties, spare time (?) etc., permit them to take on the job. It has been suggested that the canteen secure a stock of badminton racquets and shuttlecocks and those interested can buy their own racquets at a low price.

So long for now and let's get in there and give these lads all the support we can.



SEPT 21ST (DAY BEFORE DUCK SEASON OPENED)

SEPT 22 (DUCK SEASON OPENED)

SICK BAY REPORTS

Our "blacked-out" M.O. still insists that it was not the ride but the thought of his income tax that caused that sensation which he describes as a "grey-out." This photograph illustrates what happened and we leave it to our readers to form their own conclusions.

A call is sent out to all charitable organizations and any of the boys who may have any "song hit" books to hand them in to the hospital for our sick quarters steward who plans, we believe, to slip into Bing Crosby's position after the war.

What nursing orderly took the jump into matrimony without a parachute? We wish him happy landings.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to our popular young M.O., Flt.-Lt. Dooley. He was posted to Virden, Man., where he takes over the position of the S.M.O. We wish him all the luck possible. At the

same time we are glad to welcome that we have a new steno?
* * *

Who the Scottish orderly was who risked losing his pants for a dime?

WE WONDER ? ?

How our S.M.O. finally obtained a negative Dick test and thus narrowly escaped five severe shots in the arm?

Why a certain discip. corporal enjoys his stay at the hospital during sick parade so much more now

Who was the "bull in the china shop" at Flt. Lt. Dooley's party?

Who was the half-pint corporal who after consuming ½ pint of his beverage, spilled the other ½ pint on the rug and there used his hostess' tea towel for a mop?

What Nursing Sister has adopted a cat for company since her American pilot has gone on leave, and how long it will take "Elsie" to become "house-broke"?

Stop the Press: "Elsie" now turns out to be "Edgar."

A damsel and her flame were surprised in a spot of necking by the girl's mother, who remarked in shocked tones: "Well, I never!" The girl looked up bashful-like and replied: "Mother, you must have!"



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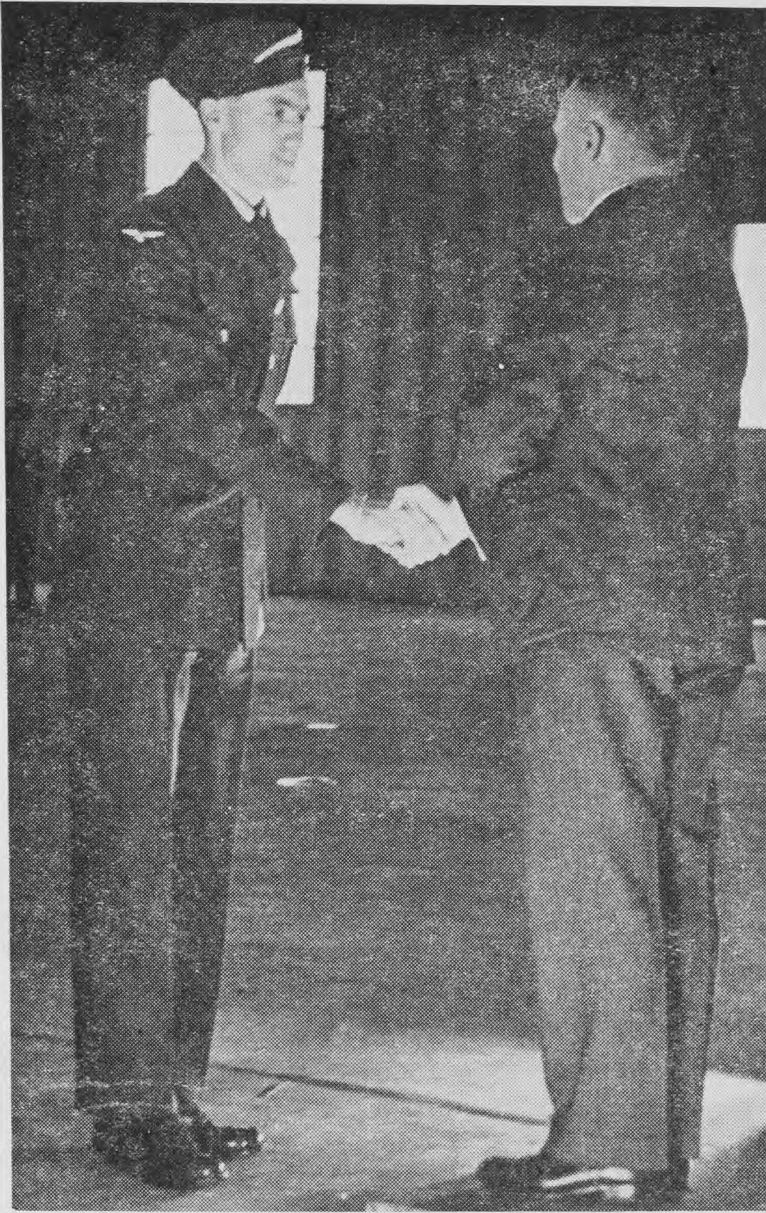


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166-3



Hon. James Gardiner presents Wings to his son.

Flight of Fly Discussed by London Expert

ED. NOTE: In our past issue we printed the question: "Does a fly in landing on the ceiling do a half-roll or a half-loop?" One of our readers clipped and sent in the following solution of the problem.

LONDON — (BUP) — The B.B.C. Brains Trust, famous because every Sunday afternoon for weeks it has answered questions from anybody about anything without being stumped more than twice, has been beaten completely by an R.A.F. pilot who asked, "How does a fly land on the ceiling? Does it loop the loop or turn upside down before landing, or what?"

All the experts—biologist Huxley, philosopher Joad, U.S. Hourn, journalist Quentin Reynolds, sailor Commander Campbell seemed a bit nervous about it. Professor Gray, who has been studying flies at Cambridge, might know that one, Huxley suggested. But when they asked him the professor refused to discuss it, his wife added "it is too controversial." and the professor said there was nothing in it any-

way.

The air correspondent of a London newspaper said he got so tired of the question which swept the RAF messes in the last war like a plague, that he decided to find out for himself. It wasn't easy, because the fly touch-down (or up) is so rapid that it beats the eye. His conclusions were these.

The least common landing is the plain half-loop. More frequent the plain half-roll, in which the fly ends facing the direction of its landing flight, but often has to take a step or two after landing.

But the most common landing is a wonderful double evolution, for which the fly approaches the ceiling at great speed. It then does a right angle turn, so that it skids sideways in the direction of its flight. This exerts a terrific braking action but before the fly stalls, it does a half-roll and touches down exactly where it wants to, without needing to run off speed.

But there is another poser: how does a fly walk upside-down. Scientists are not unanimous. The pads on the fly's feet consist of a number of funnel-shaped hairs. One school of thought says these act as suckers, another that they hold a sticky fluid.

And then, of course, there are still people who want to know where the flies go in the winter time.

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Legion Library Supplies Needs Of Many Readers

The Canadian Legion War Services Library, housed in the Canadian Legion Hut, is one of the best, if not the best, library of its kind, to be found in any training centre. There are over 1600 books, of which 165 are of an educational character; 188 Penguin and Pelican series, and the balance made up of fiction, history, biographies, encyclopedias, etc.

In addition to the books there are also two large magazine racks, one containing the more popular magazines, such as Life, Pic, Look, Click National Geographic, (both Canadian and American), MacLeans, Liberty, Colliers, Saturday Evening Post, just to mention a few, while the other is devoted to Trade Journals. Another feature is the newspaper rack, in which can be found newspapers from all the Provinces but New Brunswick.

Naturally, the question arises, where do all these books, magazines and newspapers come from. Well, donations of books have been received from Miss Pearl Moase, Moosomin, Sask.; Mr. Geo. Neal, Yorkton; Mrs. Raymond, Yorkton; Mrs. D. S. Larmour, Yorkton; Mr. R. H. Johnston, Yorkton; from the University Associates of Canada came six volumes of "Encyclopedia of Canada"; over 690 were purchased by the Legion War Services, from "Bobs'op", and the balance were shipped in from the Provin-

cial Library Committee, Saskatoon, and this shipment was composed of books purchased by the Legion, also made up of books gathered by the Provincial I.O.D.E.

The following persons and organizations were responsible for the donations of used magazines, of which there must be well over 2,000 on display:

M. Campbell, Boy Scouts, British American Oil Company, all of Yorkton; Boy Scouts Association, Ottawa; Boy Scouts, Canora; Miss W. Monahan and her 'Purple Penguins' Norquay; A Gentleman from Rama; Mrs. Brass, Yorkton. In addition to the above, Mr. Richardson buys current editions of the more popular magazines, and in this latter connection, the more popular ones are Readers Digest, Magazine Digest, all forms of Pictorial Magazines, Liberty, etc.

The newspapers are mainly furnished through the generosity of the National Council of Jewish Women, as a small part of their war effort. Complimentary copies of The Yorkton Enterprise, Canora Courier, The Melville Advance, Christian Science Monitor, and Regina Leader-Post are also on display.

A system of lending books has been devised which frees the borrower from having to bother to keep track of a library card. When a book is selected its card is removed and on it is written the name and hut number of the borrower. This card is filed in the Legion Office. On a face-slip in the book is noted the date in which the book is to be returned. Each person is allowed seven days in which to read a book.

As a matter of interest there were 1300 books loaned out during the month of September, and up to Oc-

tober 28, 1165 books had been loaned. Naturally fiction is the big mover, but if there were more non-fiction works these would be put to good use, as there is quite a demand for such reading.

In addition to the library referred to the Legion has been instrumental in having 100 books placed in the Sergeants' Mess, these books being obtained from the Yorkton Rotary Club, on an exchange basis, or in other words, the books are on loan, then after a reasonable length of time, these are taken back and another lot substituted. In the hospital, the Legion has placed between 150 and 200 books, for the convenience of patients.

Naturally, where there are so many books being loaned out to so many different persons, of different characters, it is only reasonable to suppose that some of the borrowers will not be as prompt in returning books as they should be, and this is the case at the Legion Library, and, although, as yet there have been no fines levied for tardiness, in all fairness to those who are prompt, some system should be devised, whereby the guilty ones are punished. A little cooperation will help a lot, boys, so it is up to you.

Whether intentionally or not, the feeling seems to prevail that this library is for the use of airmen only, but such is not the case. The Library is open to every individual on the Station, and if any invitation is needed for Senior N.C.O.'s and Officers to take advantage of the Library, they may consider this as one, because one of the greatest pleasures a librarian has, is to see the books moving, OUT and IN.

In Memoriam

It was with a feeling of sincere and deep regret that the commanding officer and personnel of No. 11 S.F.T.S. learned of the death of Flying Officer G. G. Taylor of Calgary, who was in the first class to graduate from No. 11, back in June.

Flying Officer Taylor arrived in England in July and had been flying but for a short time when death overcame him. This gallant officer realized the dream of every pilot to be at the controls of a "Spitfire" and no doubt distinguished himself by courage and bravery.

To the bereaved parents we offer our deepest regrets and hope that the thought that he died so that we who serve at home might serve and live in security, will in small measure help ease the pain of their loss.



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OLIO-B



B.C. Airmen, LAC White of Victoria and LAC Russell of Burnaby, tie for "Wings of Merit" trophy.

BONERS CULLED FROM DEPENDANT'S ALLOWANCE MAIL

I cannot get sick pay. I have six children. Can you tell me why this is?

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

Mr. R. has no clothes. I as not had for a year. The clergy have been visiting her.

In reply to your letter I have already cohabited with your officers, so far without result.

I am glad to report, that my husband who was reported missing, is now dead.

Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and two children, one of which is a mistake as you will see.

Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immoral life.

I am forwarding my marriage certificate and 6 children. I had 7 and one died which was baptised on a half-sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas.

I am writing these lines for Mrs. J., who cannot write herself. She expects to be confined next week and she can do with it.

Please find out if my husband is dead as the man I am now living with won't do anything until he is certain.

In answer to your letter and ac-

cording to your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

You have changed my little girl into a little boy. Will this make any difference.

In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. Is this satisfactory?

Please send my money at once as I have fallen into errors (arrears) with my landlord.

I have no children as my husband is a bus driver and works all day and night.

I want my money quick as you can send it. I have been in bed with a doctor all week and he doesn't seem to be doing me any good. If things don't improve I shall get another doctor.

Milk is wanted for the baby and his father can't supply it.

Re your letter regarding dental inquiry. The teeth on the top are all right but the ones in my bottom are hurting terribly.

At the spiritualist's: "So you want to call up the spirit of your late mother-in-law?"

"Yes, it wasn't enough for her to plague the life out of me, but just before her death she hid my pipe."

Book Agent: "You ought to buy an encyclopedia, now that your boy is going to school."

Farmer: "Not on your life! Let him walk, same as I did."

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MUSINGS—

By SCOTTY

You know fellows, discipline is a funny thing. Remember when your mother used to tell you, "now come right home after school, or no pie for supper," or "no supper for you." Well, that was a form of discipline, the earliest stage for us, as a matter of fact, did you ever stop to consider, that when you make a date, you set a certain day, and time, and place? Another form of discipline, because, if you are not there on time, it is just too bad for you. I well remember the first lesson I had on discipline (more than twenty years ago) when the instructor said "whatever your senior tells you to do, do it, because if you don't, he has all kinds of ways of making life miserable for you, such as working in the kitchen, washing pots and pans, etc." I have found, since becoming acquainted with the R.C.A.F., that one of the favourite punishments is stopping a fellow's "48," if you know what I mean.

Every one of you fellows, from the time you have learned the difference, tries to get promotion: AC2, AC1, LAC, and on up the scale. From the time you start in getting promotions, you are expecting the other fellow (who isn't as brainy or bright as you are) to take orders. It works all the way through fellows, and as fast as you get promoted, the other fellows say, "sure, I knew him when he was an AC2," but, did they ever stop to think, if they had possibly passed up the odd party, or spent a little more time on studies, or doing the odd tough job (which you had undertaken) they might have been in the same place, or better than you are? I hardly think so. I remember a chap in the army once, who got one stripe, or in other words, a Lance-Corporal's rank. The other fellows used to kid him about being a one-stripe wonder. He was getting pretty discouraged. The boys of his platoon tried to get him out on parties, beer, wine, and women, whenever they could. He thought he was getting places with the boys, but, there came a day of reckoning. He missed a few roll calls, got so he was unable to think with the same clarity, tried to give some of his platoon legitimate orders, but, instead of obeying, they said to themselves, to heck with that guy, he's a good scout, and only ordering us around to hear himself talk—he can get someone else. Eventually, he was up before his C.O. and as a result lost his stripe. The gang laughed and said: "H—, now you are one of the gang again, let's go out and celebrate," but, he soon noticed that his pals were getting promoted ahead of him. The thing is this fellows: one stripe, or, in the R.C.A.F. a prop on the sleeve, is the first actual promotion, and, although your former buddies might kid you, they are dying with envy, and doing everything possible to bring you down to their level, so there is that much better chance for them, because after all, there can only be so many LAC's on an establishment. That LAC, or one stripe in the army, means more pay and responsibility, and it is up to everyone to realize that. That one stripe is a stepping stone to more stripes, and it is a very rare

case when a person can get any place unless he starts in by having one stripe or a prop, and he will never get either if he says, when told to do a certain job) "I didn't join the army or airforce for that."

The writer served about three years in France in the last war. He also served about ten years in the Canadian militia, and when one of the senior N.C.O.'s got his commission, he used to be asked, "say it must come hard on you, an old sweat, to have to salute that guy." Far from it. That officer had received his commission from the Department of National Defence, representing His Majesty the King, therefore you are saluting the King's Commission, not the man. It is not a sign of servitude to salute an officer. It is respect for the King you are showing, not the man. However, once you have learned to know the stuff of which your officer is composed, you will either have the chance to salute him as an officer and a man, or just as an officer.

One more little item. At the end of every picture show, the King's picture is shown on the screen, and the National Anthem is played. It is only decent and proper that we pay our respects to the head of the armed forces, and the Reigning Monarch of the British Empire, by standing at attention until the finish of the Anthem.

*You too can SERVE—
by LIVING!*



STEELE AND LANG

- PLUMBING
- HEATING
- TINSMITHING

Officials List Restrictions For Letters

Despite repeated warnings from headquarters and by various station authorities, despite all the propaganda releases by the official publicity departments, information prejudicial to the safety of air force personnel sometimes leaks out.

In enemy hands this information inadvertently disclosed in most cases, seriously endangers the lives of members of the armed services crossing to the scene of battle; and in other cases delays and disrupts plans of the allied forces. Much of the information leaks out in ill-advised letters and telephone conversations, officials state.

Personnel proceeding to embark-

ation points have been advised of restrictions on correspondence. Photographs at sea or at port are forbidden, while any reference in letters to port or date of embarkation, route of travel, name of ships, size of convoy, enemy attacks or losses sustained, naval escorts, nature of cargoes, number of personnel or the port or date of embarkation is prohibited.

Telephone conversation should be watched accordingly, and no information of any nature should be imparted to undisclosed questioners. In any case official information can be issued only by those in authority.

Penalty for breaches of these regulations, authorities state, is destruction of correspondence by censors, and may result in charges being laid for disobeying an order, a court-martial offence.

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TUCKER'S

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

Heard At H.Q.

Since LAC Rogers went from headquarters to the control tower he has all the girls down there exclaiming "Isn't he a darling"—especially "Bubbles."

Now that Corporal Campbell has shaved off that "insult to a good moustache" "Kid Stuff" of "D.R.O." fame seems to have lost interest.

Talking about painting the town red—The way the "C.R." kids are tearing around every night, it would seem as if they are just about to apply the paint brush, using a brilliant red.

If our Sergeant would hurry back from the hospital we are sure he could do a lot to help Miss "C.L." forget how cold it is.

We extend to LAC Magee our heartiest congratulations on the occasion of his recent marriage and wish him and his bride a lifetime of happiness and little "Magees."

This column and the Accounts section steno have now declared a truce—at least temporarily.

Since Miss "L.B." has moved into the stenographer's pool office, Sergeant McPhee spends more time in that section than in the disciplinarian's office. Maybe he could move his office in with the stenographers. Then he could stop worrying and both he and Miss "L.B." would be happy. Then instead of being

"hands across the sea" it would be "holding hands across the desk."

Since Corporal Royds has left, little Dalgleish of the hospital staff is trying to beat everybody else to the punch. The punch, for your information, being Miss "S.A."—the present stenographer at the hospital.

What little curly headed chap, who since his leave in the east, has been complaining of pains around his heart. When questioned as to what was the matter, he thought he had a bad attack of rheumatic fever. But judging from the way he has been talking and acting, we are sure it must be "romantic fever," and that is something our station M.O. can't cure.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

We don't usually interest ourselves with idle gossip, but when we have a spicy piece, well, we think it only in the interests of the war effort to pass it on.

You would agree with us if you were one fair damsel who, believing a certain AC1 to be somewhat lonely while on D.W., phoned him, only to be inadvertently taken for another girl, and taken into his confidence.

To make a long story short, it was a beautiful moonlight night, only to be wasted, while they might have been (censored). All this, of course, was in tones of ardent affection! And what is more (censored)—too bad folks, but the censor happens to be a friend of our AC1.

We wonder if Dot let the cat out of the bag on Monday night; how the pleasant "twosome" turned out; and how her knitting is coming along, that she started all of a sudden.

Dots and Dashes From Maintenance

Pilots are the glamour boys of the R.C.A.F. They occupy the spotlight of public attention. We don't deny that they are deserving of a lot of praise, but we should like to point out to the world in general that there is more than one cog in the R.C.A.F. wheel. We in Maintenance feel that we are doing a pretty important job too, and while we are too modest to desire to share the spotlight with the glamour boys, we should like it to be understood that if it were not for our efforts, the pilots couldn't stay up there.

Not everybody can become a pilot, but perhaps even fewer persons have the natural aptitude for mechanics that is necessary to keep an aircraft serviceable. In fact the way it looks to us, the pilots spend their time wrecking the planes and get a lot of credit for it, whereas we spend our time servicing and repairing the aircraft and get no credit at all. It all seems a bit screwy to us.

Congratulations are in order for AC1 Hill of the Electrical section on his recent marriage. May all your short circuits be little ones.

The boys of No. 10 Barrack Block E are wondering whether its the extra sleep or the extra drink that accounts for Bill Bushey becoming so sleek and handsome.

A couple of our boys report that it gets very chilly in the guard house these nights and that the

beds are hard. We wouldn't know.

Flight Sergeant Cessford is missed from Maintenance orderly room. We hope that he is as successful in Ottawa as he was here.

Sergeant Vincent's favorite song seems to be an old one entitled "My Little Red Book."

Officers and Men!

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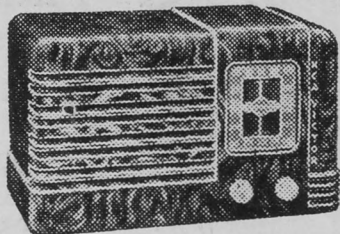
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